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IT IS WORTH WHILE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while to jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life;
It is worth while that we jeer at each other,
In the blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe than weal.

Were it not well in this brief life's journey,
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We gave him a fish instead af a serpent,
'Ere folding the hands to be and abide.
Forever, and aye, in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other:
Look at the herds all in peace on the plain,
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time too soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

BEECHER, EVOLUTION, SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

Being a Reply to Henry Ward Beecher's California Lectures.

BY PROFESSOR J. A. MILLER, D. D., M. D.

"He that is first in his own cause, seemeth just; but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him."—Prov. 18: 17.

Some years ago a poet sang:

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies, amidst her worshipers."

While historic facts, antedating the poet, gave rise to the conception, and succeeding events confirmed the veracity of the song. And perhaps no one fact outside the domain of Divine inspiration, has ever furnished one tithe of the consolation to the earnest inquirer after truth that this one fact has; and especially when enshrouded in error's perplexing maze. The *eternity of truth*, and the *certainty* of its ultimate triumph, has been the consolation of his soul and the talisman of his investigation. In the midst of conflicting philosophies, and assumed sciences, the contradictory theories and "isms" of the world, the honest inquirer after truth might stand appalled and leave the arena of polytechnic investigation in abject despair; and especially as he finds these conflicting sophistries presented for popular favor by gigantic minds, enforced by a carefully studied eloquence, enunciated in the most select terms, accompanied by the finest diction, impressed by long practiced gesture and sustained by the authority of grey hairs. But he finds in, underlying, and running through all this sophistry, this one pervading consciousness: the eternity of truth and the certainty of its ultimate triumph. He finds this fact sustained by all the historic past, and its perpetuity rendered effulgent by the glorious reflection of coming ages; and this stimulates to renewed effort for its advancement.

Then again there is added the consciousness, that error once wounded never again recovers its prestine condition; the wound never heals, it corrodes, ulcerates, festers, becomes gangrenious, and infallibly ends in the death of the inflated fable which receives it, even though draped and fringed with all the embellishments of sophistry, and sustained by all the plaudits human wisdom can invent or human art devise. These two facts should ever nerve the arm of the feeblest child of God to investigate till he finds the truth, and then defend it with his latest breath.

Now, if this position is a fact—and it is, then the simplest truth uttered by infantile lips and in the most broken accents, is more potent for good in the final economy of nature than the most plausible fallacy can be, though embellished with all the beauties of language, enforced by the eloquence of Cicero, the logic of Hamilton, the thunder of Demosthenes, and upheld by the intelligence of a universe. Hence, the greatest scientist or the most thrilling orator announcing an error, is but as "a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal" in the ultimate development of events, compared with the eternal, inherent force, which enters into and forms an essential integral part of the simplest truth found in the universe of God.

With Henry Ward Beecher, personally, I have nothing to do. With his public acts and utterances, I have everything to do. They are public property, and as such are legitimate subjects of public criticism and comment. For long years I have been intimate with the best part of the man; while from careful analysis of his acts I think I comprehend the secret springs of his action more fully than others, and from the position I have occupied both in public and in private in his defense, when I thought, and still think, him unjustly assailed by bad men and bad women from sinister motives, I now deem it but just to myself, and the cause of truth, that I should leave for the time being my courted seclusion and be heard in open condemnation of his announced views, and in exposition of his present fallacies. Then, again, Christian ministers in active work have but little time and few facilities for reading Darwin, Huxley, Hæckel, Spencer, Meyers, Halleck, &c., &c., the leading advocates of the assumed science of evolution, of which Beecher is but a perverted echo, consequently it is no marvel that these men cannot reply to Beecher when they have failed to comprehend and answer the original propagators of the hypothesis. Anticipating that when Beecher would have delivered his lecture on evolution in this State, attacking the veracity of the Bible, as he must, there would be multitudinous attempts to reply, with a corresponding number of failures, I patiently waited till my silence began to be construed into sympathy, and thus I am compelled to perform what I at least regard as an easy task. I have no wish to appear hyper-critical but after collating all the published replies by various clergymen in this State, I am compelled to say that not one of them evinces anything like a perfect familiarity with the subject matter on hand. Hence their replies have not been such as to satisfy the demands of an inquiring public, or produce the least consternation among the advocates and defenders of the theory.

I am not disposed to pay Henry Ward Beecher any unmeaning or unmerited compliments. It is but just to say that as far as popularity is concerned, for nearly half a century he has stood at the head of the semi-religious latitudinarian speakers of the civilized world. Possessing an exquisite knowledge of language, an almost unnatural depth of feeling, with perfect self control, an original eloquence peculiarly his own; naturally awkward in gesture but by careful culture and training he has become peculiarly graceful; a vivid, semi-wierd imagination, a full toned, carefully modulated, well rounded voice gives to his eloquence a peculiar charm, unsurpassed perhaps by any living speaker to-day on earth. These embellishments instead of his facts are what command public attention, secure him popular favor and render him a Giant of Gath; but in an unholy alliance with the armies of Philistia and the enemies of God, and as such with the "sword of the spirit" and the "breastblate of truth," I meet him in open conflict and leave the results with that God whom I serve.

Beecher's parentage and early education rendered him in early life the recipient of popular favor; and no sooner had he quaffed the inspiring elixer than he at once became a candidate for its continuous repetition. Chapin of New York was his brilliant rival, being a Universalist. Beecher to attract a part at least of his auditors, modified and then denied future punishment. Star King and Joseph Cook were intensely popular as Unitarians. Beecher announces his doubts of the divinity of Christ, and remodels his views of the atonement to adapt them to this new state of things. Colenzo and Oxford school attack and then deny the Pentateuch, and Beecher becomes the American echo of their sentiments. As the fervor of youth began to decline, various expedients had to be resorted to in order to augment his waning popularity. The geological theories of Buckland, Lyle, Agassiz, Sillman, Chalmers, Hugh Miller and Hitchcock are assumed to demand a modification of the Mosaic account of creation. Beecher in his ordination vows had promised before God and man to defend this account. But these assumed scientific theories eminate from high authority, have the sanction of great names and secure popular favor, and to gain it poor Beecher bows and worships this golden calf, though it lays the stain of perjury on his own soul. During the Rebellion his war sermons added fuel to the expiring flame of decreasing popularity. The age of "light literature" dawned; he wrote for the *New York Ledger*, and ended by writing a novel. Thus his life has been a continuous bid for popular favor, till his last bid, he stakes soul, body, honor, consistency and Christ, for its attainment. And having staked all and lost, no marvel that he in agony cries before the audience he fain would charm: "*I am only anxious to know where I am going.*" Great God! what a commentary on a life of improper motives. Two courses have ever been open to him, to confess his sin and ask forgiveness, or to wipe his mouth and say: "I have done no evil." He chose the latter, and this explains all the rest.

Darwin, Huxley and Hæckel fulminate evolution, attack the Bible, and try to upset Moses. Supposed scientific infidelity becomes popular. Unscientific ministers make the attempt to answer and fail. Beecher grasps the popular infidel standard and bears it so far in advance of the contending hosts, that he appears never yet to have learned that his friends have fallen, that their artillery is captured their guns are spiked, and their unburied bones lie bleaching under the blazing sunlight of divine truth in the literary field of carnage, away below. And he, shouting the triumphs of his assumed victorious hosts, waves his banner and tells with gleesome mirth, his Stockton audience, "That the supposed divine law that was said to be broken when Christ came to make an atonement for sin was a fable;" denies the inspiration of scripture, and with the infidelity of the world believes what he pleases of the Bible, and rejects that which most condemns his own perversity; but still accepts a patrimony from the church, and uses it in vain attempts to demolish her bulwarks, and destroy her influence for good.

Darwin, Huxley and Hæckel are consistent. They reject Christianity, and attempt an analysis in order to construct a synthesis independent of the Bible. Ingersoll is consistent with himself; his very nature is a morbid admixture of high Calvinism and rabid unbelief. He is honest as time and sincere as the grave. He utilizes his unbelief out of which to make money, and lavishes it with an unsparing hand on those he loves. But Beecher becomes the very soul of inconsistency. To his Brooklyn audience he preaches from the Bible as of divine authority. In Stockton and San Francisco he denies its inspiration and scoffs at its authority; tells you he loves the Bible, and yet denies its plainest teachings.

In his lecture in Stockton he started out by calling attention to the fact of the "Great revolution which was produced when Galileo and Copernicus introduced their system of astronomy, and how good men trembled for the veracity of the Bible, if it taught that the sun stood still and the world moved around it." Now I may certainly ask, what had these groundless fears to do with the varacity of a Bible stated fact? It was not the first time that well meaning men had put forth an anxious hand to steady a supposed unsteady ark, and found the hand blasted in the attempt. God takes care of these little affairs, independent of popular opinion, or H. W Beecher. Or are we to infer that he, personally, rejects the account of this phenomena, because assumed to be contradicted by popular science? If so, let us look at the narrative, for be it remembered it is a plain, simple, unembellished narrative. You find it in Joshua 10: 12: "Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Aijalon." Now by a reference to Isaiah 28: 21 you find Gibeon was a valley by that name. Then by a reference to a well constructed map of the country you find that this valley was quite a large plain in the land of the Amorites, running from southwest towards the northeast, and terminating in the mountain ridge of Bethoron; while the valley of Aijalon lay on the eastern side of this ridge, extending from southeast towards the northwest and terminating in the same ridge. Now Israel had fought the Amorites up the valley of Gibeon, and forced them to ascend the ridge of Bethoran, and fly down it, towards Azekah and Makkedah, while Joshua and Israel were in swift pursuit. It now is about two o'clock in the afternoon; Joshua has just ascended the ridge of Bethoron, and from his position looking southwestward he looks down the valley of Gibeon, and sees the sun's rays reflected on the valley below; looking to the southeast, down the valley of Aijalon, he sees reflected the gentler rays of the ascending moon. Flushed with assured victory, and inspired by the omnipotence of faith in the promised presence of his God, he shouts so Israel's doubting host may hear: "Sun! stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon on the valley of Aijalon." And lo! 'tis done. Jehovah to convince his faltering followers of his promised presence, and stimulate their feeble hopes, honors his servant, suspends the revolution of the globe, and the reflection of the sun and moon stand still just where they are. If it will add to Beecher's or Ingersoll's comfort we will admit that of the revolution of the planetary system Joshua knew absolutely nothing, and if possible cared infinitely less. He simply wanted the rays of the sun and moon to retain their present reflective position, as far as earth was concerned; and he neither knew nor cared which had to stop in its motion in order to do it, and the Almighty so understood it if poor Beecher does not. Observe, he does not command the "sun to stand still" in the heavens, but "*upon the valley of Gibeon.*" Hence, if the command referred to the orb of day, then Joshua is credited with the ignorance of not knowing its true position, for it was in the heavens and not "upon Gibeon." Neither does he command the moon to stand still in the siderial plains, but "in the valley of Aijalon." Hence whichever had to stop, sun, moon or earth, we may reasonably assume was a matter which never crossed his mind; a matter of absolute indifference. He could in simple faith leave that with his God, so they continued to shine in these two valleys till he accomplished his purpose. Hence the revolution of the sun, moon or earth, scientifically demonstrated, affects the veracity of this Bible statement just about as much as Beecher's views of evolution does the fundamental truths of Christianity.

Having thus taken away the scientific foundation of Beecher's objection, Ingersoll comes to his rescue, and assails the character of God for the destruction of these poor Amorites. I have no time at present to write a theodicy for the defense of Jehovah's doings, consequently shall allow the Atheism of the age to fulminate one for me. If Darwin, Huxley, Ingersoll or Beecher saw a whale swallow a smaller fish, they would say according to their assumed law of evolution, "it was right, it was natural, and secured the survival of the fittest." Now if we see the children of Israel swallow up the Amorites, why not benefit by this supposed law of these great men, and say: "It is right, as it secures the survival of the fittest." It certainly is not consistent to argue in favor of spontaneous generation, to deny a God in creation and then admit him when you wish to find fault with him. Or has *nature*, as represented by these men, two laws, one for the government of the animal creation and another for man? If so, *nature* cannot regard man as a mere animal. This would destroy at one stroke their theory of his primeval ancestry. But Darwin, Hæckel, Huxley, Ingersoll, Beecher, all accept unchallenged the authenticity of profane history, and profane history records the fact of the sun appearing to stand still. Ovid, the Latin poet, amuses the school-boy by telling him in fancie's poetic strains about the fabled "Phaeton chariot" and its attendant events; about the sun standing still while Phaeton fought, &c. Our attention is arrested when he names Phaeton, as he was a Canaanitish prince, the very people with whom Joshua fought on this memorable day. Chinese history tells us "a day was lost," and accounts for it by saying "that in the days of our King Yana the sun stood still," and they feared lest the earth should be burned up. But what is stranger still they place the reign of Yana at a period which corresponds exactly with the reign of Joshua. Menetho, the Egyptian, records the same phenomena, as is well known, and as China and Egypt were the only two nations besides the Jews who ever made the attempt to chronicle events by hieroglyphics, this is all the profane testimony to the phenomena which could be expected.

(*To be Continued.*)

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.—Tillotson.